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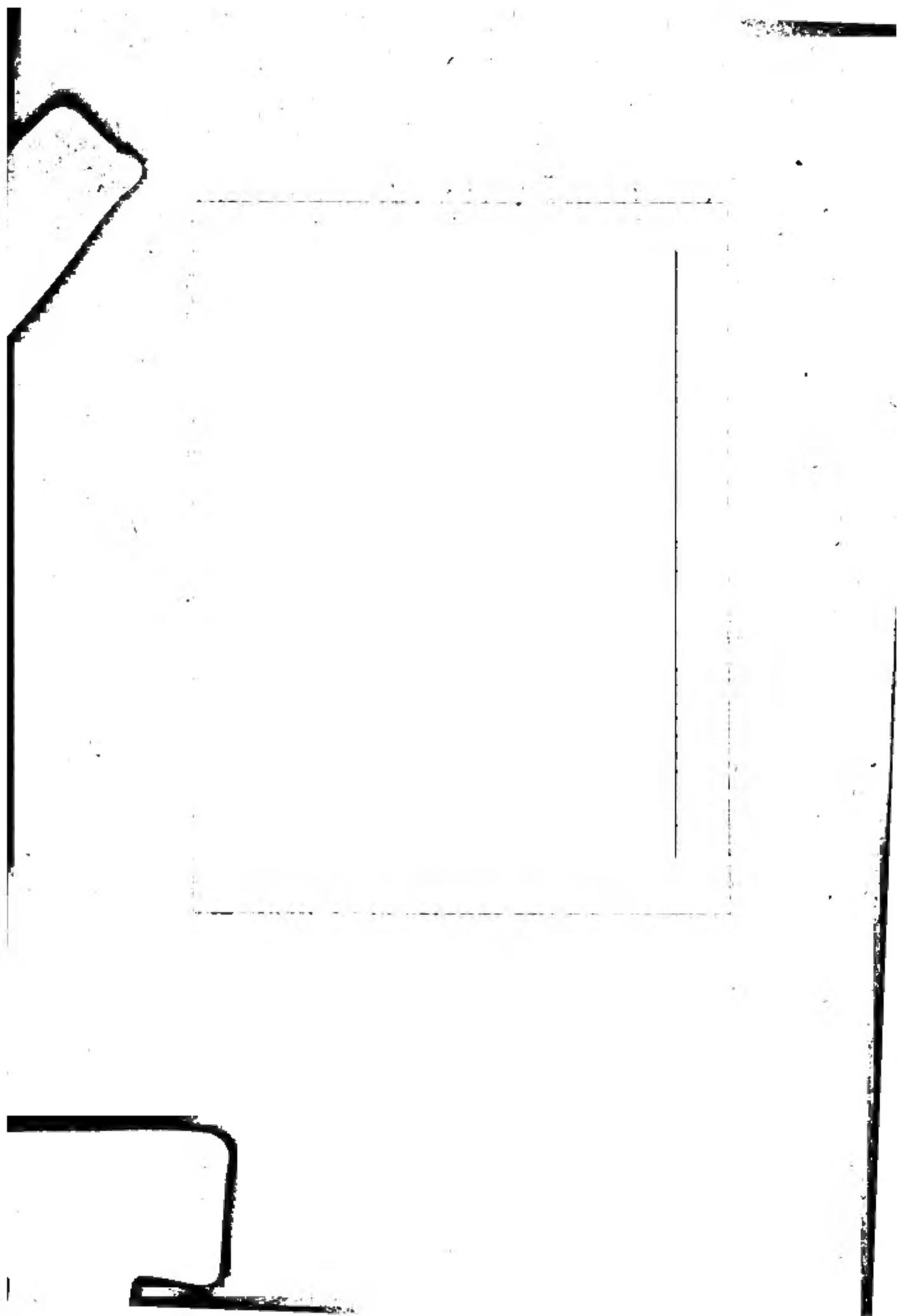
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THE SAILING OF  
THE LONG-SHIPS  
AND OTHER POEMS

1213 26

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

SECOND IMPRESSION

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**To**  
**SIR EDWARD GREY**

I THAT TWINED A WREATH FOR OLDEN SPLENDOUR—  
DRAKE AND BLAKE AND NELSON'S MIGHTY NAME—  
COME AGAIN TO DECK WITH FLOWERS MORE TENDER  
NEW-MADE GRAVES OF UNACCOMPLISHED FAME.



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## THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS

OCTOBER, 1899

THEY saw the cables loosened, they saw  
the gangways cleared,  
They heard the women weeping, they  
heard the men that cheered ;  
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died  
away,  
And all alone the sea-wind came singing  
up the Bay.

“ I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by  
Trafalgar,  
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden  
Vigo Bar,  
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the  
world with light  
When down their ancient highway your  
fathers passed to fight.

## 8 THE SAILING OF

"O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a  
youth renewed,  
Right well the wars of Freedom befit the  
Sea-kings' brood ;  
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of  
yonder shore,  
The fame ye owe your fathers and the  
old time before.

"Long-suffering were the Sea-kings, they  
were not swift to kill,  
But when the sands had fallen they  
waited no man's will ;  
Though all the world forbade them, they  
counted not nor cared,  
They weighed not help or hindrance, they  
did the thing they dared.

"The Sea-kings loved not boasting, they  
cursed not him that cursed,  
They honoured all men duly, and him  
that faced them, first ;

## THE LONG-SHIPS

9

They strove and knew not hatred, they  
smote and toiled to save,  
They tended whom they vanquished, they  
praised the fallen brave.

“ Their fame’s on Torres Vedras, their  
fame’s on Vigo Bar,  
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns  
from Trafalgar ;  
Mark as ye go the beacons that woke the  
world with light  
When down their ancient highway your  
fathers passed to fight.”

## WAGGON HILL

DRAKE in the North Sea grimly prowling,  
Treading his dear *Revenge's* deck,  
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him  
growling,  
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.  
"Fetter and Faith for England's  
neck,  
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—  
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,  
Knowing the night that toward him  
crept,  
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying  
This for a sign before he slept :—

“Pride of the West ! What Devon  
hath kept

Devon shall keep on tide or main ;  
Call to the storm and drive them flying,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain !”

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,  
Far in a South land brought to bay,  
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,  
Waited the end in twilight gray.  
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's  
way !

Drake from his long rest turned again,  
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain !

## THE VOLUNTEER

“ HE leapt to arms unbidden,  
Unneeded, over-bold ;  
His face by earth is hidden,  
His heart in earth is cold.

“ Curse on the reckless daring  
That could not wait the call,  
The proud fantastic bearing  
That would be first to fall ! ”

O tears of human passion,  
Blur not the image true ;  
This was not folly's fashion,  
This was the man we knew.



## THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,  
What of the dales to-night ?  
In yonder gray old hall what fires are  
glowing,  
What ring of festal light ?

*"In the great window as the day was  
dwindling  
I saw an old man stand ;  
His head was proudly held and his eyes  
kindling,  
But the list shook in his hand."*

O wind of twilight, was there no word  
uttered,  
No sound of joy or wail ?  
*" 'A great fight and a good death,' he  
muttered ;  
' Trust him, he would not fail.' "*

What of the chamber dark where she was  
lying

For whom all life is done?

*" Within her heart she rocks a dead child,  
crying*

*' My son, my little son.' "*

## THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE

“ When Lieutenant Murray fell, the only words he spoke were, ‘ Forward, Grenadiers ! ’—*Press Telegram*.

HERE they halted, here once more  
Hand from hand was rent ;  
Here his voice above the roar  
Rang, and on they went.  
Yonder out of sight they crossed,  
Yonder died the cheers ;  
One word lives where all is lost—  
“ Forward, Grenadiers ! ”

This alone he asked of fame,  
This alone of pride ;  
Still with this he faced the flame,  
Answered Death, and died.  
Crest of battle sunward tossed,  
Song of the marching years,  
This shall live though all be lost—  
“ Forward, Grenadiers ! ”

## THE SCHOOLFELLOW

OUR game was his but yesteryear ;  
We wished him back ; we could not  
know

The self-same hour we missed him here  
He led the line that broke the foe.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts  
Sank as of old the dying day ;  
The battle ceased ; the mingled hosts  
Weary and cheery went their way :

“To-morrow well may bring,” we said,  
“As fair a fight, as clear a sun.”  
Dear lad, before the word was sped,  
For evermore thy goal was won.

## ON SPION KOP

FOREMOST of all on battle's fiery steep  
Here VERTUE<sup>1</sup> fell, and here he sleeps  
his sleep.

A fairer name no Roman ever gave  
To stand sole monument on Valour's  
grave.

<sup>1</sup> Major N. H. Vertue, of the Buffs, Brigade-Major to General Woodgate, was buried where he fell, on the edge of Spion Kop, in front of the British position.

## THE SCHOOL AT WAR

ALL night before the brink of death  
In fitful sleep the army lay,  
For through the dream that stilled their  
breath  
Too gauntly glared the coming day.

But we, within whose blood there leaps  
The fulness of a life as wide  
As Avon's water where he sweeps  
Seaward at last with Severn's tide,

We heard beyond the desert night  
The murmur of the fields we knew,  
And our swift souls with one delight  
Like homing swallows Northward flew.

We played again the immortal games,  
And grappled with the fierce old friends,

THE SCHOOL AT WAR 19

And cheered the dead undying names,  
And sang the song that never ends ;

Till, when the hard, familiar bell  
Told that the summer night was late,  
Where long ago we said farewell,  
We said farewell by the old gate.

“ O Captains unforgot,” they cried,  
“ Come you again or come no more,  
Across the world you keep the pride,  
Across the world we mark the score.”

**BY THE HEARTH-STONE**

By the hearth-stone  
She sits alone,  
The long night bearing :  
With eyes that gleam  
Into the dream  
Of the firelight staring.

Low and more low  
The dying glow  
Burns in the embers ;  
She nothing heeds  
And nothing needs—  
Only remembers.



## PEACE

No more to watch by Night's eternal  
shore,

With England's chivalry at dawn to  
ride ;

No more defeat, faith, victory—O ! no  
more

A cause on earth for which we might  
have died.

## COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight  
fell

Where the sunlight fell of old,  
And the hour was the hour my heart  
remembered well,

And the sermon rolled and rolled  
As it used to roll when the place was still  
unhaunted,

And the strangest tale in the world was  
still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of  
urgent sound

That I so clearly heard,  
The green young forest of saplings  
clustered round

Was heeding not one word :

Their heads were bowed in a still serried  
patience

Such as an angel's breath could never  
have stirred.

For some were already away to the  
hazardous pitch,

Or lining the parapet wall,

And some were in glorious battle, or  
great and rich,

Or throned in a college hall :

And among the rest was one like my own  
young phantom,

Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

"O Youth," the preacher was crying,

"deem not thou

Thy life is thine alone ;

Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing  
how

They built thee bone by bone,

And within thy blood the Great Age  
sleeps sepulchred  
Till thou and thine shall roll away the  
stone.

"Therefore the days are coming when  
thou shalt burn  
With passion whitely hot ;  
Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall  
spurn  
All that thy hand hath got ;  
And One that is stronger shall gird thee,  
and lead thee swiftly  
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest  
not."

And the School passed ; and I saw the  
living and dead  
Set in their seats again,  
And I longed to hear them speak of the  
word that was said,

But I knew that I longed in vain.  
 And they stretched forth their hands, and  
     the wind of the spirit took them  
 Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless  
     plain.

## VICTORIA REGINA

JUNE 21ST, 1897<sup>1</sup>

A THOUSAND years by sea and land  
Our race hath served the island kings,  
But not by custom's dull command  
To-day with song her Empire rings :

Not all the glories of her birth,  
Her armed renown and ancient throne,  
Could make her less the child of earth  
Or give her hopes beyond our own :

But stayed on faith more sternly proved  
And pride than ours more pure and  
deep,  
She loves the land our fathers loved  
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.

<sup>1</sup> These lines, with music by Doctor Lloyd, formed part of the *Cycle of Song* offered to Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, in celebration of her second Jubilee.



## THE KING OF ENGLAND

JUNE 24TH, 1902

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was  
hushed

Like the birds' song beneath unnatural  
night,

And Terror's footfall in the darkness  
crushed

The rose imperial of our delight,  
Then, even then, though no man cried  
"He comes,"

And no man turned to greet him  
passing there,

With phantom heralds challenging  
renown

And silent-throbbing drums  
I saw the King of England, hale and  
fair,

Ride out with a great train through  
London town.

## 28 THE KING OF ENGLAND

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield.

The lions bore the dint of many a  
lance,

And up and down his mantle's azure field

Were strewn the lilies plucked in  
famous France.

Before him went with banner floating  
wide

The yeoman breed that served his  
honour best,

And mixed with these his knights of  
noble blood ;

But in the place of pride

His admirals in billowy lines abreast

Convoyed him close like galleons on  
the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his  
face

And his brow calm with youth's  
unclouded dawn,



THE KING OF ENGLAND 29

But round his lips were lines of tenderer  
grace

Such as no hand but Time's hath ever  
drawn.

Surely he knew his glory had no part  
In dull decay, nor unto Death must  
bend,

Yet surely too of lengthening shadows  
dreamed

With sunset in his heart,  
So brief his beauty now, so near the  
end,

And now so old and so immortal  
seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail  
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:  
O King of men that die, though we must  
fail

Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant  
sea.

30 THE KING OF ENGLAND

O man that servest men by right of birth,  
Our hearts' content thy heart shall  
also keep,  
Thou too with us shalt one day lay  
thee down  
In our dear native earth,  
Full sure the King of England, while  
we sleep,  
For ever rides abroad through London  
town.

## THE NILE

OUT of the unknown South,  
Through the dark lands of drouth,  
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber  
gliding :  
Clear-mirrored in his dream  
The deeds that haunt his stream  
Flash out and fade like stars in mid-  
night sliding.  
Long since, before the life of man  
Rose from among the lives that creep,  
With Time's own tide began  
That still mysterious sleep,  
Only to cease when Time shall reach  
the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast  
The early gods have passed,

They waned and perished with the  
    faith that made them ;  
The long phantasmal line  
Of Pharaohs crowned divine  
    Are dust among the dust that once  
    obeyed them.  
Their land is one mute burial mound,  
    Save when across the drifted years  
Some chant of hollow sound,  
    Some triumph blent with tears,  
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens  
    the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be  
No memory dwells with thee  
    Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian  
    singer ?  
The legions' iron tramp,  
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,  
    Had these no fame that by thy shore  
    might linger ?

Nay, then must all be lost indeed,  
Lost too the swift pursuing might  
That cleft with passionate speed  
Aboukir's tranquil night,  
And shattered in mid-swoop the great  
world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth  
Spirits of starry birth,  
Whose splendour rushed to no eternal  
setting :  
They over all endure,  
Their course through all is sure,  
The dark world's light is still of their  
begetting.  
Though the long past forgotten lies,  
Nile ! in thy dream remember him,  
Whose like no more shall rise  
Above our twilight's rim,  
Until the immortal dawn shall make  
all glories dim.

For this man was not great  
By gold or kingly state,  
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of  
earth's wonder ;  
But more than all his race  
He saw life face to face,  
And heard the still small voice above  
the thunder.  
O river, while thy waters roll  
By yonder vast deserted tomb,  
There, where so clear a soul  
So shone through gathering doom,  
Thou and thy land shall keep the tale  
of lost Khartoum.

### SRÁHMANDÁZI <sup>1</sup>

DEEP embowered beside the forest river,  
Where the flame of sunset only falls,  
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,  
House of them to whom the twilight  
calls.

There within when day was near to  
ending,  
By her lord a woman young and  
strong,  
By his chief a songman old and stricken  
Watched together till the hour of song.

<sup>1</sup> This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

“ O my songman, now the bow is broken,  
Now the arrows one by one are sped,  
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,  
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead.”

Then the songman, flinging wide his  
songnet,  
On the last token laid his master's  
hand,  
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi,  
None but dying men can understand.

“ Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted  
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,  
At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi  
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“ There he sees the heroes by their river,  
Where the great fish daily upward  
swim ;  
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,  
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.



“There he sees the kings among their  
headmen,

Women weaving, children playing  
games ;

Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,  
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

“Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,  
Tell thy heart thy living life is done ;  
All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet  
Drew his hand and touched the woman's  
head :

“Know they not, then, love in Sráh-  
mandázi ?

Has a king no bride among the dead ?”

Then the songman answered, “O my  
master,

Love they know, but none may learn it  
there ;

Only souls that reach that land together  
Keep their troth and find the twilight  
fair.

“Thou art still a king, and at thy passing  
By thy latest word must all abide :  
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman ;  
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride.”

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of  
Dying,  
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,  
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him  
Looked with eyes the coming twilight  
veiled.

Then he cried, “My songman, I am  
passing ;  
Let her live, her life is but begun ;  
All the days and nights of Sráhmandázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Yet, when there within the House of  
Dying

The last silence held the sunset air,  
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,  
Not alone she found the twilight fair :

While the songman, far beneath the forest  
Sang of Sráhmandázi all night through,  
“ Lovely be thy name, O Land of shadows,  
Land of meeting, Land of all the true ! ”

## OUTWARD BOUND

DEAR Earth, near Earth, the clay that  
made us men,

The land we sowed,  
The hearth that glowed—

O Mother, must we bid farewell to  
thee ?

Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall  
comfort then

The lonely hearts that roam the  
outer sea ?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering  
sails are set,

To misty deeps  
The channel sweeps—

O Mother, think on us who think  
on thee !

OUTWARD BOUND 41

Earth-home, birth-home, with love re-  
member yet

The sons in exile on the eternal  
sea.

## HOPE THE HORNBLOWER

“ HARK ye, hark to the winding horn ;  
Sluggards, awake, and front the morn !  
Hark ye, hark to the winding horn ;  
The sun's on meadow and mill.  
Follow me, hearts that love the chase ;  
Follow me, feet that keep the pace :  
Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,  
We ride by moor and hill.”

Huntsman, huntsman, whither away ?  
What is the quarry afoot to-day ?  
Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,  
And what the game ye kill ?  
Is it the deer, that men may dine ?  
Is it the wolf that tears the kine ?  
What is the race ye ride, ye ride,  
Ye ride by moor and hill ?

HOPE THE HORNBLOWER 43

“ Ask not yet till the day be dead  
What is the game that's forward fled,  
Ask not yet till the day be dead  
    The game we follow still.  
An echo it may be, floating past ;  
A shadow it may be, fading fast :  
Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride  
    We ride by moor and hill.”

O PULCHRITUDO

O SAINT whose thousand shrines our feet  
have trod  
And our eyes loved thy lamp's eternal  
beam,  
Dim earthly radiance of the Unknown God,  
Hope of the darkness, light of them  
that dream,  
Far off, far off and faint, O glimmer on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are  
gone.

O Word whose meaning every sense hath  
sought,  
Voice of the teeming field and grassy  
mound,  
Deep-whispering fountain of the wells of  
thought,



Will of the wind and soul of all sweet  
sound,  
Far off, far off and faint, O murmur on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are  
gone.

## IN JULY

HIS beauty bore no token,  
No sign our gladness shook ;  
With tender strength unbroken  
The hand of Life he took :  
But the summer flowers were falling,  
Falling and fading away,  
And mother birds were calling,  
Crying and calling  
For their loves that would not stay.

He knew not Autumn's chillness,  
Nor Winter's wind nor Spring's ;  
He lived with Summer's stillness  
And sun and sunlit things :  
But when the dusk was falling  
He went the shadowy way,  
And one more heart is calling,  
Crying and calling  
For the love that would not stay.

**FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION**

O SON of mine, when dusk shall find thee  
bending

Between a gravestone and a cradle's  
head—

Between the love whose name is loss  
unending

And the young love whose thoughts  
are liker dread,—

Thou too shalt groan at heart that all thy  
spending

Cannot repay the dead, the hungry  
dead.

### WHEN I REMEMBER

WHEN I remember that the day will come  
For this our love to quit his land of  
birth,  
And bid farewell to all the ways of  
earth  
With lips that must for evermore be  
dumb,

Then creep I silent from the stirring hum,  
And shut away the music and the  
mirth,  
And reckon up what may be left of  
worth  
When hearts are cold and love's own  
body numb.

Something there must be that I know not  
here,

Or know too dimly through the symbol  
dear ;

Some touch, some beauty, only guessed  
by this—

If He that made us loves, it shall replace,  
Beloved, even the vision of thy face

And deep communion of thine inmost  
kiss.

RONDEL<sup>1</sup>

THOUGH I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me :

Mine is not the love that strays,  
Though I wander far-off ways :

Faithfully for all my days  
I have vowed myself to thee :  
Though I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me.

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following pieces are from the French of Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant and Luxembourg, who died in 1384.

## RONDEL

LONG ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
    Nothing in the world I keep :

All that in return I crave  
Is that thou accept the slave  
Long ago to thee I gave—  
Body, soul, and all I have.

Had I more to share or save,  
I would give as give the brave,  
    Stooping not to part the heap ;  
Long ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
    Nothing in the world I keep.

## BALADE

I CANNOT tell, of twain beneath this bond,  
Which one in grief the other goes  
beyond,—

Narcissus, who to end the pain he bore  
Died of the love that could not help him  
more ;

Or I, that pine because I cannot see  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest pond  
Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,  
“ Beloved, comfort on my longing pour ” :  
So for a while he soothed his passion sore ;  
So cannot I, for all too far is she—  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love's true colours  
donned,

I in his service will not now despond,



For in extremes Love yet can all restore:  
So till her beauty walks the world no  
more

All day remembered in my hope shall be  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

## THE VIKING'S SONG

WHEN I thy lover first  
Shook out my canvas free  
And like a pirate burst  
Into that dreaming sea,  
The land knew no such thirst  
As then tormented me.

Now when at eve returned  
I near that shore divine,  
Where once but watch-fires burned  
I see thy beacon shine,  
And know the land hath learned  
Desire that welcomes mine.

## THE SUFI IN THE CITY

### I.

WHEN late I watched the arrows of the  
sleet

Against the windows of the Tavern beat,  
I heard a Rose that murmured from  
her Pot :

“ Why trudge thy fellows yonder in the  
Street ?

### II.

“ Before the phantom of False morning  
dies,

Choked in the bitter Net that binds the  
skies,

Their feet, bemired with Yesterday, set  
out

For the dark alleys where To-morrow lies.

## 56 THE SUFI IN THE CITY

### III.

“ Think you, when all their petals they  
have bruised,  
And all the fragrances of Life confused,  
That Night with sweeter rest will  
comfort these  
Than us, who still within the Garden  
mused ?

### IV.

“ Think you the Gold they fight for all  
day long  
Is worth the frugal Peace their clamours  
wrong ?  
Their Titles, and the Name they toil  
to build—  
Will they outlast the echoes of our Song ? ”

### V.

O Sons of Omar, what shall be the close  
Seek not to know, for no man living  
knows :

THE SUFI IN THE CITY 57

But while within your hands the Wine  
is set

Drink ye—to Omar and the Dreaming  
Rose!

## YATTENDON

AMONG the woods and tillage  
That fringe the topmost downs,  
All lonely lies the village,  
Far off from seas and towns.  
Yet when her own folk slumbered  
I heard within her street  
Murmur of men unnumbered  
And march of myriad feet.  
  
For all she lies so lonely,  
Far off from towns and seas,  
The village holds not only  
The roofs beneath her trees :  
While Life is sweet and tragic  
And Death is veiled and dumb,  
Hither, by singer's magic,  
The pilgrim world must come.

## AMONG THE TOMBS

SHE is a lady fair and wise,  
Her heart her counsel keeps,  
And well she knows of time that flies  
And tide that onward sweeps ;  
But still she sits with restless eyes  
Where Memory sleeps—  
Where Memory sleeps.

Ye that have heard the whispering dead  
In every wind that creeps,  
Or felt the stir that strains the lead  
Beneath the mounded heaps,  
Tread softly, ah ! more softly tread  
Where Memory sleeps—  
Where Memory sleeps.

## **A SOWER**

**WITH sanguine looks  
And rolling walk  
Among the rooks  
He loved to stalk,**

**While on the land  
With gusty laugh  
From a full hand  
He scattered chaff.**

**Now that within  
His spirit sleeps  
A harvest thin  
The sickle reaps ;  
But the dumb fields  
Desire his tread,  
And no earth yields  
A wheat more red.**



## THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,  
The land of youth and dream,  
To greet again the rule we knew  
Before we took the stream :  
Though long we've missed the sight of her,  
Our hearts may not forget ;  
We've lost the old delight of her,  
We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all :  
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.  
For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

## 62 THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

The stars and sounding vanities  
That half the crowd bewitch,  
What are they but inanities  
To him that treads the pitch ?  
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,  
Could buy the cheers that roll  
When the last charge goes thundering  
Beneath the twilight goal ?

The men that tanned the hide of us,  
Our daily foes and friends,  
They shall not lose their pride of us  
Howe'er the journey ends.  
Their voice, to us who sing of it,  
No more its message bears,  
But the round world shall ring of it  
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,  
There's little here can bide,  
But we may face the centuries,  
And dare the deepening tide :

## THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL 63

For though the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone,  
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—  
The School we handed on !

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all :  
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.  
For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

## THE BRIGHT “MEDUSA”

1807

SHE'S the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,  
And we call her, if you please, the  
bright *Medu—sa* ;  
From beneath her bosom bare  
To the snakes among her hair  
She's a flash o' golden light, the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

When the ensign dips above  
And the guns are all for love,  
She's as gentle as a dove, the bright  
*Medu—sa* ;  
But when the shot's in rack  
And her forestay flies the Jack,  
He's a merry man would slight the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA" 65

When she got the word to go  
Up to Monte Video,  
    There she found the river low, the  
        bright *Medu—sa* ;  
So she tumbled out her guns  
And a hundred of her sons,  
    And she taught the Dons to fight  
        the bright *Medu—sa*.

When the foeman can be found  
With the pluck to cross her ground,  
    First she walks him round and round,  
        the bright *Medu—sa* ;  
Then she rakes him fore and aft  
Till he's just a jolly raft,  
    And she grabs him like a kite, the  
        bright *Medu—sa*.

She's the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,  
    And you'll call her, if you please, the  
        bright *Medu—sa* ;

66 THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA"

For till England's sun be set—

And its not for setting yet—

She shall bear her name by right,  
the bright *Medu—sa*.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

“The Old and Bold.”

WHEN England sets her banner forth  
And bids her armour shine,  
She'll not forget the famous North,  
The lads of moor and Tyne ;  
And when the loving-cup's in hand  
And Honour leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.

When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar  
With all his country's best,  
He held them dear as brothers are,  
But one beyond the rest.  
For when the fleet with heroes manned  
To clear the decks began,  
The boast of old Northumberland  
He sent to lead the van.

68      NORTHUMBERLAND

Himself by *Victory's* bulwark stood  
And cheered to see the sight ;  
“ That noble fellow Collingwood,  
How bold he goes to fight ! ”  
Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,  
Heard him as face to face ;  
“ What would he give, Northumberland,  
To share our pride of place ? ”

The flag that goes the world around  
And flaps on every breeze  
Has never gladdened fairer ground  
Or kinder hearts than these.  
So when the loving-cup's in hand  
And Honour leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.



## MASTER AND MAN

Do ye ken hoo to fush for the salmon?

If ye'll listen I'll tell ye.

Dinna trust to the books and their  
gammon,

They're but tryin' to sell ye.

Leave professors to read their ain cackle

And fush their ain style ;

Come awa', sir, we'll oot wi' oor tackle

And be busy the while.

'Tis a wee bit ower bright, ye were  
thinkin' ?

Aw, ye'll no be the loser ;

'Tis better ten baskin' and blinkin'

Than ane that's a cruiser.

70        MASTER AND MAN

If ye're bent, as I tak it, on slatter,  
    Ye should pray for the droot,  
For the salmon's her ain when there's  
    watter,  
But she's oors when it's oot.

Ye may just put your flee-book behind  
    ye,  
    Ane hook wull be plenty ;  
If they'll no come for this, my man,  
    mind ye,  
    They'll no come for twenty.  
Ay, a rod ; but the shorter the stranger  
    And the nearer to strike ;  
For myself I prefare it nae langer  
    Than a yard or the like.

Noo, ye'll stand awa' back while I'm  
    creepin'  
    Wi' my snoot i' the gowans ;  
There's a bonny twelve-poonder a-sleepin'  
    I' the shade o' yon rowans.